

# Pound Cake / Paris Morton Music 2

## Drake

"Good God Almighty, like back in the old days  
You know, years ago they had the A&R men to tell you what to play  
How to play it and you know whether it's disco and rock  
But um, we just went in the studio and we did it  
We had champagne in the studio, of course, you know  
Compliments of the company, and we just laid back and did it  
So we hope you enjoy listening to this album half as much  
As we enjoyed playing it for you, because we had a ball  
Only real music is gonna last  
All the other bullshit is here today and gone tomorrow" Cash rules everything around me  
C.R.E.A.M. get the money, dolla-dolla bill y'all After hours of Il Mulino  
Or Sotto Sotto, just talkin' about women and vino  
The contract like '91 Dan Marino  
I swear this got Michael Rapino boostin' my ego  
Overly focused, it's far from the time to rest now  
Debates growing 'bout who they think is the best now  
Took a while, got the jokers out of the deck now  
I'm holdin' all the cards and niggas wanna play chess now  
I hear you talkin', say it twice so I know you meant it  
Fuck it, I don't even tint it, they should know who's in it  
I'm authentic, real name, no gimmicks  
No game, no scrimmage, I ain't playin' with you niggas at all  
My classmates, they went on to be chartered accountants  
Or work with their parents, but thinkin' back on how they treated me  
My high school reunion might be worth an appearance  
Make everybody have to go through security clearance  
Tables turn, bridges burn, you live and learn  
With the ink, I could murder word to my nigga Irv  
Yeah, I swear shit just started clickin' dog  
You know it's real when you are who you think you are Cash rules everything around me  
C.R.E.A.M. get the money, dolla-dolla bill y'all  
Cash rules everything around me  
C.R.E.A.M. get the money, dolla-dolla bill y'all Uh, I had Benzes 'fore you had braces  
The all black Maybach but I'm not a racist  
Inside's whiter than Katy Perry's face is  
Yellow diamonds in my JesÃ's  
I just might learn to speak Mandarin  
Japanese for the yen that I'm handlin'  
International Hov, that's my handle

My saint's Sean Don, light a candle  
El Gran Santo on the mantle  
'Case y'all didn't know, I speak Spanish too  
Shoutout to Worldwide Wes  
Everywhere we go we leave a worldwide mess  
Yes, still Roc La Familia  
Says a lot about you if you not feelin' us  
The homie said "Hov, there ain't many of us"  
I told him less is more, nigga it's plenty of usCash rules everything around me  
C.R.E.A.M. get the money, dolla-dolla bill y'allCake, cake-cake, cake-cake, cake  
500 million, I got a pound cake  
Niggas is frontin', that's upside-down cake  
Get 'em a red nose, they clown cakes  
They shoulda never let you 'round cake  
Look at my neck, I got a carrot cake  
Now here's the icing on the cake  
Cake, cake-cake, cake-cake  
Uh I'm just gettin' started, oh yeah we got it bitch  
I've done made more millionaires than the lotto did  
Dame made millions, Bigg made millions  
Ye made millions, Just made millions  
Lyor made millions, Cam made millions  
Beans tell you if he wasn't in his feelings  
I'm back in my bag  
My eyes bloodshot but my jet don't lag  
A pair of Jordan 3's tryna chase this cash  
Gucci air bag just in case we crash  
Uh, last night was mad trill  
I'm fresh out of Advil, Jesus grab the wheelYeah uh, look, fuck all that happy to be here shit that y'all want me  
on  
I'm the big homie, they still be tryna lil' bro me dog  
Like I should fall in line, like I should alert niggas  
When I'm 'bout to drop somethin' crazy and I say I'm the greatest of my generation  
Like I should be dressin' different  
Like I should be less aggressive and pessimistic  
Like I should be way more nervous and less dismissive  
Like I should be on my best behavior  
And not talk my shit and do it major like the niggas who paved the way for us  
Like I didn't study the game to the letter  
And understand that I'm not doin' it the same, man, I'm doin' it better  
Like I didn't make that clearer this year  
Like I should feel, I don't know, guilty for saying that  
They should put a couple more mirrors in here so I can stare at myself  
These are usually just some thoughts that I would share with myself  
But I thought "Fuck it"

It's worth it to share 'em with someone else more than Paris for once  
I text her from time to time, she a mom now  
I guess sometimes life forces us to calm down  
I told her she could live with me if she need to  
I got a compound but I think she's straight  
Cause she supported since Hot Beats right before Wayne came  
And got me out of the backroom where I was rapping with Jas over beats I shouldn't have in the hopes for the  
glory  
He walked right past in the hallway 3 months later I'm his artist  
He probably wouldn't remember that story  
But that shit stick with me  
Always couldn't believe when he called me  
You never know, it could happen to you  
And I just spent four Ferraris all on a brand new Bugatti  
And did that shit cause it's something to do, yeah  
I guess its just who I became dog  
Nothing was the same dog

Lyrics provided by

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